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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Production of Anarchy in Buffalo—An Interesting and Important Dramatic Event—New Yorkers Flock to the City by the Lake—A Synopsis of the Play and an Analysis of Its Merits and Defects—Something About the Special Cast and the Initial Performance.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE MIRROR.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Tuesday Night.

There is a great deal to be said on the production of Steele Mackaye's five act melodrama, *Anarchy*, which has just been launched here with attending circumstances of unusual eclat.

I heard this play read over a year ago, and, as the columns of *THE MIRROR* will testify, I spoke of its merit with much enthusiasm. Mr. Mackaye's purpose in *Anarchy* was to picture as vividly as possible the startling difference that exists between Liberty under obedience and Liberty under license; to portray patriots and madmen side by side, each using the same torch, which in the hands of patriots was the flambeau of progress and protection, and in the hands of madmen was the torch of incendiarism. For the exploiting of such a theme there was no better time than that of the Reign of Terror in France. *Anarchy* is, therefore, a French play in material no less than in the method of treatment.

Buffalo has been flooded with explanatory programmes, the walls fairly reek with blood red announcements of *Anarchy*, and the local papers have given up their pages to biographies of Steele Mackaye, to pictures of the chief scenes in the play and to extraordinary preliminary notices of the national importance of the work.

I think the anarchical side of the event has been unduly worked. The programme, for example, gravely informs us that:

The French revolution gave birth to modern liberty in Europe, but the triumph of this divine child was delayed nearly one century by the Anarchic excesses of "The Terror" which led to the abolition of the Republic and the establishment of Imperialism in France. History shows that Anarchism is the deadliest enemy of republican government. The American republic is on the verge of a great Anarchic movement which threatens its existence, and if successful, is sure to substitute the tyranny of Imperialism for the liberal progress implied by a truly enlightened republic. The aim of this play is to present a picture of logical results of Anarchism in human history as a warning to those men of men who constitute the people, and who are still either ignorant or forgetful of the impressive teachings of the past.

I feel that this somewhat grandiloquent assumption of national and political importance for the work was uncalled for, the fact being that it was as a work of art that it would have to be judged. The assembling here of a great number of conspicuous managers, players and critics gave not the slightest evidence that they trembled for the fate of the republic unless this drama was well played. Their interest was purely commercial. So much had been said about the drama that they wanted to satisfy themselves that it was the coming American drama, come.

The Saturday trains brought in a crowd of outside people. I met J. M. Hill, C. W. Durant, French, Roach, Joseph Arthur and I do not now remember how many more at the Genesee House, which house wore quite a Union Square aspect, needing, in fact, only the genial and handsome face of Andrew Dam to complete the illusion.

On Sunday night Mr. Sanger arrived with the New York special train, bringing about two hundred and fifty more hearty representatives of the Union, the Lambs and the Lotos Clubs under the regis of Chauncey Depew, all glad to get away from New York on Sunday.

To all this must be added the extraordinary local importance given to the production by the testimonial character of the proceedings. Steele Mackaye has been lionized, and every thing that social patronage could do has been done to make a purely theatrical venture blaze with significance and goodwill.

The first-night at the Academy of Music, as you can well imagine, was, under these circumstances, an affair of unusual resplendence for Buffalo. I never saw anywhere a more brilliant assemblage of notable and well-to-do people, and I certainly never saw an intelligent audience so well disposed to do all within its power to honor its townsman and guest.

In order to convey to you a clear idea of the merits of the performance, it will be necessary first to tell you as briefly as I can the story of the play.

Paul Kauvar, a republican and a member of a Jacobin club during the Revolution, has se-

cretly married Diane de Beaumont, the beautiful daughter of the Duc de Beaumont, a proud old royalist, and in order to protect his father-in-law from the Jacobins has taken him and his daughter into his house, where the Duke passes for Honore Maxime, Paul Kauvar's secretary, but for obvious reasons Diane has not told her father that she is married.

There now comes the villain, the Marquis de Vaux (played by Mr. Henry Lee), who is playing the part of a Jacobin, and passes by the name of Gouroc.

He is in love with Diane and does not scruple to commit any crime to possess her. He recognizes in her father the Duc de Beaumont, and instantly conceives the idea not only of betraying him to the Revolutionary tribunal, but of fastening the treachery upon Kauvar. He will thus kill the father and disgust Diane with Kauvar's villainy. He succeeds in getting a blank warrant signed by Kauvar,

that gave me such an indescribable feeling of horror and admiration.

The action then passes to the Conciergerie adjoining the Revolutionary tribunal where the Duke and his daughter are prisoners. It is here that Paul Kauvar, distressed beyond measure at what has happened, meets Jean Litalis, the turnkey, whom he has on many occasions befriended, and who informs him of a means of escape for the Duke. There is a secret staircase leading to the river; he will have a boat there at midnight to convey the Duke and his daughter away, and he places the key of the staircase in Kauvar's hands. All this Kauvar communicates to the villain, Gouroc, believing him to be his friend. His purpose is to take the Duke's place and go to the guillotine in his stead to prove to Diane that he was not the miscreant she believed him. To all this Gouroc consents, hoping to get rid of Kauvar, and to fly with the Duke and

then Diane, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, announces to the assembled aristocrats that having been scorned and cast off by her father, she is going to the people who were the friends of her husband. This is the great scene for the heroine, and Miss Genevieve Lytton, who was cast for the part of Diane, while playing it with a fine, well-bred, aristocratic air, lacked sufficient dramatic intensity to give the situation its full force. So strong, however, was the crisis and so keen the suspense that no one person in the group could kill it, and at the conclusion of her outburst of indignation and reproaches, the assemblage broke out in applause of the most enthusiastic kind and kept it up for some moments. Diane does not escape from the chateau. The republican forces are advancing and Paul Kauvar is one of the leaders, he having himself escaped from the guillotine. In the fourth act we find him captured by General Rochejacquelin's forces

he almost begs to see her, and while he is talking a terrible explosion occurs. It is the last barrier to the progress of the republican forces and it has been blown into the air. Kauvar has laid the mine himself. In half an hour the chateau and all that it contains will be in the hands of the Republicans. The General is now at Kauvar's mercy, and Paul is not behind-hand in magnanimity—he offers to exchange uniforms with the General so that he can escape. Military pride once overcome, the men exchange hats and coats. As the scene is planned it is plausible, dignified and reasonable. To enable the General to get beyond the lines Kauvar must remain silent for an hour, and he pledges his honor not to speak during that time. As the pledge is given the bell strikes the hour of two.

Now occurs what is unquestionably the great situation of the play, and which produced upon the assemblage the most highly wrought sensation it has ever been my fortune to witness.

Paul Kauvar sits in a chair with his mouth sealed; the Bonnets Rouges arrive; he is their prisoner, for they mistake him for General Rochejacquelin, and he hands Patin his sword without looking round. Then come the mob of Anarchists (calling themselves the people) to sack the house and tear the helpless women to pieces. They are led by the Anarchist chief, Carrac. They cannot assault the supposed General, for he is claimed as the prisoner of the soldiers; so they proceed to sack the house, and its female inmates are brought in. Almost the first is Kauvar's wife. A fiendish howl of derision greets her. Carrac glares over her; he will give her to the mob. And certainly a more bloodthirsty mob was never put upon the stage. It must have been drawn from Carlyle's description of the march to Versailles. The moment the ruffian Carrac puts his hand upon Diane she screams, and Paul Kauvar knows her voice—but his hour is not yet up. He writhes in his chair. The ruffian seizes Diane's dress. The mob shout, "Away with her; give her the Republican marriage." Carrac is just about to tear the clothing from her—all eyes are upon the horror-struck girl in the clutches of the demon—when the clock is heard to strike the end of the hour. With a wild cry Kauvar springs from the chair at Carrac's throat and hurls him to the earth. Then the tension of the situation is loosened.

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this mob-picture. The stage was filled with people, and they must have been rehearsed with diligence by a competent master, for they reproduced the frenzy, the savagery, and the surging fury of a mob, drunken with blood, in a startling ensemble.

Of the acting of the piece it may be said that it was notably good. Mr. Mackaye was not as perfect in his own lines as he might have been, but played the part of Paul Kauvar with heroic force, and in the execution scene of the Conciergerie and the admirable scene with General Rochejacquelin was loudly rewarded for both his intense exhibition of passion and for his courtly bearing and repose.

The weak spot in the cast was Miss Genevieve Lytton, who was excessively nervous and conspicuously amateurish at times, and who failed to quite reach the height of declamation marked out for her. When she made her first appearance in a drab dress of the Directory, she was such a rare picture of beauty as seldom fills the eye even at this day of marvellous costuming. But she confined her manner entirely to the poise of her head and did not appear to have a stage walk or to know how to manage her train. The lady is an ingenue and has evidently lacked the experience necessary for so exacting a role. Distinct hits were made by Mr. De Belle ville (the Duke), Matt B. Snyder (Carrac), Mr. John A. Lane (the Abbe St. Simon) and Sidney Drew (Patin). The costumes were unexceptionable. I don't think I ever saw a piece of the Revolution so accurately attired. The superb picturesqueness of the Bonnets Rouges won general praise.

In a general estimate of the piece, I should say it was an extraordinary melodrama in its variety of incidents, its strength of situation, and its provision for stirring ensembles. In character it is not subtle or deep, and it is curiously deficient in humor and that relieving lightness so usual in French plays.

It evoked an extraordinary amount of enthusiasm, and it held the large audience enchained until one o'clock in the morning. Edgar Kelley's music was a failure. The overture is not specially original in theme, and the incidental music was very bad.

NYM CRINKLE.



EFFIE SHANNON.

which he fills in with the name of the Duke, and the first act ends with a strong situation in which the Duke is arrested, and Paul Kauvar is shown by the warrant to be the cause of it, to the infinite horror and amazement of his wife. There is in this act a dream picture in which Paul Kauvar, while asleep, sees the vision of *Anarchy*. The picture was a superb one, and created a genuine sensation. It represented the mob about the guillotine with a battalion of the Bonnets Rouges, the death-cart and the victims. The executioner holds up the decapitated head of a woman, places it on one of the pikes of the mob, and a new victim mounts the scaffold. It is Diane. Kauvar wakes with a scream and the vision disappears. The picture was ghastly and terrible, but most admirably executed. All the figures, and there must have been nearly a hundred, were represented by living personages. I don't know that I ever saw a stage tableau

his daughter. The situation in which Kauvar is led out in place of the Duke is a powerful one, and made very pictorial by groups of soldiers and a background of the red-capped Parisian mob. The father and daughter succeeded in escaping to La Vendee, whither also goes Gouroc, and the scene now changes to the chateau of Rochejacquelin where these personages are assembled under the protection of General Rochejacquelin, a Royalist soldier (Eben Plympton).

Secure in his villainy Gouroc now proposes for the hand of Diane, and to save herself from him she has to confess before her father that she is the wife of Paul Kauvar. The villain then informs her that Paul Kauvar perished on the scaffold, and her father denounces her with all the bitterness of a proud old aristocrat who has been deceived and who does not know that Paul Kauvar saved his life. But this information is speedily brought, and

and brought to the chateau, where unknown to him is his wife.

Here occurs what is undoubtedly the best piece of constructive writing in the play. The interview between the General and Kauvar is not only dignified, natural and intensely wrought, but it completely changes in interest and in the relative positions of the personages while it transpires. Kauvar is at the mercy of the General; he is proud, reticent and desperate. He asks only one favor—take me out and shoot me. But the General is magnanimous and brave himself. They are both Frenchmen and patriots, though fighting against each other. Kauvar boasts of his victories over the Royalists. The General honors him for his valor, and asks him his name. Kauvar refuses to speak further, and then the situation begins to be reversed when the General informs him that Diane, his wife, is in the house. To see her once more Paul will do anything;

At the Theatres.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE—ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Daniel Webster Byall..... Edward Lamb
Harold Rapley..... M. J. Jordan
Del Paso..... Mark Price
Morgan Mortimer..... Percy Meldon
Captain Higliver..... Fred. Wildman
Charles Brown..... Charles Lamb
Dick Wayne..... Sam. Ervin Ryan
Tom Norris..... I. H. Harvey
Dave Stryker..... S. T. Jones
Joseph Conners..... William Barry
Dora Rapley..... Mamie Johnson
Kate Shelby..... Clara Flagg
Priscilla Muffins..... Carrie Reynolds

At the People's Theatre, on Monday evening, On the Rio Grande, a "romantic American drama," by Mark Price, was produced for the first time in this city. There was a large audience present. The author appeared in the leading role of Del Paso, an outcast, in which he made a distinct success. The story is somewhat sombre; but the plot, while lacking the rounded symmetry of naturalness, is marked with scenes of deep pathos and emotion which go straight to the hearts of the audience.

Robert Rapley, a young Louisianian, meets Morgan Mortimer in a gambling house in New Orleans, and while in the act of saving the latter's life young Rapley accidentally kills an officer of the law. After serving a term of eight years' imprisonment, Rapley flees to Texas, where he leads the life of an outcast under the assumed name of Del Paso. In the meantime Rapley's mother dies of a broken heart, while his brother and sister remove to a rancho in Texas in complete ignorance of the fate of Robert. Morgan Mortimer becomes a cattle king in the Lone Star State. He woos and wins Dora Rapley, whom he loves for her beauty, while, at the same time, he is engaged to Kate Shelby, a rich heiress whose money he covets. In an interview with Dora, Mortimer, who is an unscrupulous rascal, unwittingly lets the mask fall from his face, and his proposal for an elopement, without the sanction of the Church, is spurned with the scorn of outraged innocence. The villain then plans the abduction of Dora, who is carried off by her brother, Del Paso, an absence of twelve years, together with intoxication, accounting for the fact that the brother did not recognize his sister as his base employer's victim. Harold Rapley runs down the abductor of his sister, and the brothers meet in Mortimer's mansion. Harold is unaware that Robert was made the tool of Mortimer, and after a mutual recognition the brothers are reunited. Robert's cup of wretchedness is overflowing when he learns, for the first time, that it was Dora he carried off into a captivity worse than death. The estranged men away like leeds in the wind with contending emotion, and the true manliness of both, in forgiveness and brotherhood, on hearing the truth, forms one of the striking dramatic passages of the piece. The brothers fly to the place where Dora is captive, and in his eager haste Robert seizes and mounts a superb horse which he finds on the roadside. Before he reaches his beloved goal he is intercepted and apprehended as a horse-thief by a band of vigilantes. Through a coherent series of incidents Robert, who has been sentenced by Judge Lynch, is allowed a respite of an hour, and reaches the rancho on the banks of the Rio Grande where Dora is lodged. The denouement ends in the rescue of Dora.

The lack of finished underplot gives the main incidents a fragmentary finale, as it leaves two lovely young women, who have escaped from a perfidious lover, in the hands of their gallant relatives, and with no one to call them by a more endearing term than sister or daughter. As previously mentioned, the success of Mark Price, the author actor, as Del Paso, was of the most flattering kind. The naturalness of his acting and perfection of his reading won rounds of applause, while he received curtain calls at the close of the principal acts. M. J. Jordan rendered strong support as Harold Rapley. Percy Meldon capably filled the role of the heavy villain, Morgan Mortimer. As a whole, the unequalled approval with which the play was received, was due in no small measure to the capital eccentric acting of Edward Lamb, as Daniel Webster Byall, a "cute Yankee land agent, and Carrie Reynolds, as Priscilla Muffins, a maiden lady of uncertain age, hailing from New Hampshire, and an indefatigable angler in streams matrimonial. After whipping the Texan brooklets, Priscilla finally hooks and lands Daniel Webster Byall. Mamie Johnson looked pretty as the heroine, Dora Rapley. Clara Flagg was acceptable as Kate Shelby, but her reading was somewhat prosy and spiritless. The remainder of the cast were tolerably fair. Next week, Frank Mayo in The Royal Guard, a new version of the old Three Guardsmen.

Muggs' Landing is the bill at Tony Pastor's this week. On Monday night the house was jammed and people turned away. There is little that is serious in the Landing; it is simply a vehicle through which a company of comedians keep up a hurricane of fun. The plot is conventional, missing papers being juggled with, and the heroine emerging at last from the tattered maid into an heiress, daughter of a rich somebody, and a very fine lady withal.

Frances Bishop, the star of the Landing, is one of the liveliest and merriest soubrettes on the American stage. She keeps the fun up to the bubbling point whenever she is on. Her chief charm is a naive manner of delivering odd sayings. Miss Bishop became a favorite with the audience at once. All McDowell is a young come-

dian whose methods smack of the low-comedy of the stock days. As Asa Becks, a land agent, he contributed a great deal of fun. He was an excellent foil to the star, and fairly divided the honors. George A. Booker caught the house as Soger Judson, a part that in its extravagance may be likened to the Judge in Kit. In his seedy uniform, cork leg, and a rosinous of countenance due to alcohol, Mr. Booker's make-up was perfection. He especially won the gods to his standard. The rest of the cast are feeders, more or less, and do not call for special mention, except that Fannie Francis looked pretty as Julia and J. R. Furlong was conspicuous for bad acting and pumping delivery in the part of Abel Dixon. Muggs' Landing will remain two weeks.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted The Golden Giant at Niblo's Garden on Monday evening. The play met with just as much favor as on its first production at the Fifth Avenue, the audience being, if anything, more demonstrative. The cast remains the same. Mrs. McKee Rankin renewed her success as the hoyden Bet, and was often recalled. Mr. Rankin gave the same manly impersonation of Alexander Fairfax, the Golden Giant. Charles Stanley wrought the audience to a high pitch by his thrilling picture of Old Bixby in the throes of alcoholic delirium. Robert Hilliard repeated his excellent performance of Jack Mason, the gambler. Daisy Dorr, Louise Dickson, Luke Martin and Little Ollie Berkeley are entitled to the same praise accorded them at the first New York production. Ah Wung Sing, the "real live" Chinaman, appeared in his original part of Jim Lung, and created the usual uproar of merriment. The Giant remains on the Niblo boards two weeks.

A big audience greeted Uncle Tom, Topsy, Little Eva, George and Eliza Harris, Marks et al. at the Third Avenue Theatre. The critic quails before the sight of Uncle Tom actors, especially of the "Mammoth Boston Ideal" variety. But the audience was "with 'em" to the top notch of enthusiasm, and howled delight over the mouldiest chestnuts in the dialogue. Jay Hunt was featured on the bill with an "and" in a line all to itself and his name spread in capitals as being specially engaged for Marks, the lawyer. There were few of the judicious present to grieve over his horse-play comedy, and he therefore won many laughs. Lillie Burnham was a fair Topsy, Florence Bryant a sympathy-inspiring Eva, and Helen James a pretty Eliza. Next week, Benj. Maginley in Inshavogue.

William Cullington essayed the leading part in For Congress at Poole's on Monday night. Through his connection with the late John T. Raymond he is especially qualified to give a satisfactory performance of the character. At times, in voice and action, he vividly recalled the lamented comedian. But there were original departures here and there in the "business" that showed Mr. Cullington is able to think and create for himself. His support was fairly efficient.

Edwin Arden is appearing in his drama, Eagle's Nest, at the Windsor this week. The performance suits the popular taste, and it is witnessed by fair houses.

Miss Coghlan is appearing in her repertoire at the Grand Opera House this week, and a good many people are taking a final view of her stellar work before she is reclaimed by the stock. Peg Woffington, Pauline and Lady Gay Spanker have thus far been given. Mr. Tearle furnishes excellent support. Next week George C. Boniface will be seen here as Badger in The Streets of New York.

Mr. Dixey—associate manager and director of the Bijou, part proprietor of the Big Burlesque company, and star thereof—will conclude his engagement in Adonis on Saturday night. That giddy gossamer of trash has had its day, so far as the New York public is concerned. Mr. Dixey will have to bend his mighty intellect and graceful legs to something else, and the question whether in something else he will be able to repeat his Adonis hit is variously and speculatively answered. He is a neat and clever entertainer, but there seems to be an impression that in his present piece he has pretty nearly exhausted the little tricks and accomplishments that have proved his principal charm.

The Highest Bidder is having a most prosperous run at the Lyceum, where it is now in its second month. The auction and turnstile scenes are especially enjoyed by the spectators, while Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Lemoyne are followed throughout with applause and laughter. The comedy is capably put on.

Mr. Mansfield's Summer engagement began auspiciously at the Madison Square on Monday night. If there were any doubt before, hand as to the attractiveness of Prince Karl it was settled beyond question by the size and the hearty greeting of the audience. Mr. Mansfield acted the part of the noble courier with that quaintness and humor that have distinguished the work in the past, while his efforts to subjugate the Anglo Saxon tongue were as amusing as ever. Mr. Mansfield is a charming actor, and the refinement and intelligence of his impersonation, in despite of the inferiority of the setting, demonstrates his

capacity for a higher class of work. The comedy is nicely staged, and the company supporting Mr. Mansfield contains several pretty young ladies and a number of conscientious actors. Prince Karl will be a source of much pleasure to Summer playgoers.

The last performances of The Old Homestead will be given on Saturday. The charming rural sketch has enjoyed a career of remarkable popularity, having been represented continuously since the beginning of the year before almost invariably large gatherings. Mr. Marston's play, Hypocrite, will be produced at this house on Monday next with a cast composed of New York favorites.

Miss Pixley is giving the final performances of The Deacon's Daughter at the Union Square, where she is to be succeeded next week by Mr. Hill's Irish comedians, Murray and Murphy.

Hercat, the manager of the "Oude London" Exhibition, has constructed an entertainment-hall on the south side of the building, where he presents his magical and ventriloquist entertainments every afternoon and evening. He has many novelties which have never before been presented on this side of the Atlantic. He is now showing the famous French illusion, "Escamotage d'une Personne Vivante," which was presented at the Eden Theatre, Paris, by Beaudier de Kolta, the French magician, last June, and by Hercat at the Crystal Palace, London, a few weeks later. It is executed very neatly, and in a vastly superior manner to the burlesque attempts at the illusion which preceded it.

The Musical Mirror.

Much attention has been devoted lately by the knights of the camera to what is called Composite Photography. In this new branch of the art a series of negatives are taken from the members of a family, a group or an association, and the results combined, on one plate, in a picture which oddly presents the prevailing type of the whole class, while it clearly does not exactly resemble any one individual. So in operette writing the art has reached a stage where each new production gives what might be called the Audran-Millocker, Sullivan type, while it would be as unkind as unfair to accuse the composer of directly and consciously filching from any one of his colleagues. So the score of Falke is distinctly class-music, and hardly original or fresh in any one bar or phrase; but it is singable and pretty notwithstanding. As for the book, why that is, if anything, more completely a matter of type writing than the score, and the libretto of the period may be pretty comprehensively summed up under one head of all-embracing innuendo. But perhaps this is just as well as it is. The plot and action in no sense strains the mind (except perhaps to find out what it is all about) and do not in the least distract our attention from the music. Gazing at the farago of interminable, incomprehensible, inconsequential nonsense which does duty nowadays for an operette book, the average auditor may be imagined saying, like the Scotchman when reproved for nibbling his asparagus at the biggest end—"Heh! mon, I pro-fur r-r-r-it!"

Falke, produced by Mr. McCaull's company at Wallack's this week, is a good representative of its class. There is a long and involved story about a comic military Governor, with an equally comic nephew, hotly beset by a slightly less comic gypsy chief, who insists on marrying him (the nephew) to his (the chief's) sister. In the meantime the Governor's niece runs away from a convent with a young farmer's son, and every one dresses up in improbable disguise, the men in girls' clothes, the girls in men's, and everyone gets tangled up and tumbles over everyone else in the most kaleidoscopic and bewildering manner. Suddenly, "like the hand which ends a dream," the knot unties of itself, everyone gets comfortably married, save perhaps the nephew with his persistent bride, and the curtain falls on the usual chorus of bliss.

De Wolf Hopper and DeAngelis carry the fun of the piece on their shoulders, or, rather, on their knees and elbow-joints. They don't sing much, but they kick. As it was said of Theo that she sang with her off hind leg, so these acrobatic gentlemen are beautifully tuneful with grappetti of shins and cadenzas of ground and lofty tumbling. De Wolf Hopper, too, is pleasantly droll with his dry humor and apt retorts which—fire won't burn it out of us—we are sure he mainly makes up as he goes along. Marion Manola sings nicely and occasionally does a bit of really brilliant forture in the pretty music of her part, and Hubert Wilke is commendable in the comic ferocity and picturesque make-up of the Tzigane.

Altogether the piece promises to go well, though the dialogue and by-play would certainly bear a liberal cutting.

Mr. Duff revives Iolanthe under very pleasant auspices, with Lillian Russell as Phyllis, Rachel Bemeister as Iolanthe, Zella Seguin as the Fairy Queen, Ryley in his well-known role of the Chancellor, and Dungan as Strephon.

There are many connoisseurs who incline to consider Iolanthe, in a finer musical sense, perhaps the best of the Sullivan operettes. The general public would certainly not endorse the verdict, but the general public likes taking airs

of a palpable tunelessness, and does not scrutinize too closely the more minute shades of refinement in composition and dainty grace of conception which make this less popular work so charming to the trained ear. It was acceptably sung on Monday, throughout, and delightfully by Miss Russell and Miss Bemeister. Zella Seguin has not quite the ample proportions, physical or vocal, for the Fairy Queen. We miss the splendid outlines and fine resonant tones of Augusta Roche, who used to give such effect to the part in the early days of the opera in New York. In her hands the splendid air, "Oh, Captain Shaw!" became as solemn and massive as a chorale. The noble music should be married to such humorous rubbish about the Fire Brigade!

The setting was as good as usual under Mr. Duff's liberal and careful management. The comely chorus girls, in especial, are rather more attractive than ever in their fleecy fairy dresses, which need only the electric bustle-battery and incandescent stars to make them quite complete. One does not like to think what the gorgeous robes of the peers cost the management, but the public find them very splendid and cares nothing for the cost.

There have been a few changes made in the text and cast of The Pyramid at the Star. The piece will run one week more.

Erminie will be given to-night (Thursday) for the four-hundredth time. The management have provided unique and beautiful souvenirs for the occasion, consisting of bills of the play, bearing illuminated views of the Casino.

Gossip of the Town.



Floy Crowell, the popular young actress whose portrait heads this column, opens her fifth annual starring tour upon the New England circuit August 15. Her success has been notable and all indications point to a brilliant future.

The merry minstrels will all be in the swim in August.

Linda Dietz is spending the Summer at Milton on the Hudson.

Dan Sully will celebrate Daddy Nolan's Fourth of July in Portland, Ore.

Benj. Maginley puts in an appearance in Inshavogue at the Third Avenue Theatre next week.

H. Wayne Ellis' comedy, Bijah Frisbie—a domestic drama, dealing with American life—will be presented at Tony Pastor's Theatre on June 27.

T. D. Fawley has closed season with Denman Thompson and is at liberty for next season. He is spending his vacation at his home in Washington.

Ben Grinnell has been re-engaged for the Kindergarten company. Mr. Grinnell has advanced rapidly in his art since he was a member of the vaudevilles.

I. A. Solomon, manager of the Only a Farmer's Daughter company, has arrived in the city, the season having closed last Saturday night. He reports a profitable tour.

Last week Emma Fossette pleased Harlemites with her performance of Kate O'Dwyer in Inshavogue and of Lady Adair in The Red Fox. Her work gives excellent promise for the future.

On July 9 Helene Adell closes a season of forty-four weeks. With the exception of a few weeks, business has been uniformly good. Miss Adell opens her next season at Holyoke, Mass., on August 29.

Wil. Lackaye, W. B. Royston, Eleanor Carey and W. F. Blandie, the latter two having lately returned from Europe, have been engaged for the Summer season at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio.

Charles H. Keeshin will be business manager for the Andrews Michael Strogoff company next season. He was with the company in that capacity during the latter part of this season. Strogoff opens in New York early in August.

Charles W. Alison has signed with Morton and Southwell of Philadelphia, as singing comedian in comic opera for eight weeks. The season opens in Philadelphia on July 2. His voice is a deep solferino with a sawmill resonance.

T. H. Winnett is the New York representative of the Windsor Theatre, Boston. Dr. C. E. Lothrop, a live business man, is the proprietor and manager. Time is all open. Such attractions as have not played in Boston during the past season are preferred.

Willard Lee is playing leading support to Julia Anderson in Inez. During the past season he has been with The Silver King. Miss Anderson writes to say that the rehearsals of her company did not take place at the Lyceum Theatre, nor did Franklin Sargent direct them. W. L. Gleason is her stage manager.

Donnybrook has lapsed into the hands of its author, H. Wayne Ellis. The last performance with Tony Hart as the star was given last Saturday night. The author has great faith in the play, and says that if it is again sent on the road it will be with a good all-around company and no star. He believes that such a company can make the play a success.

Nelson Wheatcroft's new play, Gwynne's Oath, is in its second week at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Wheatcroft is very well pleased with the reception of the play, and is now looking about for a manager for next season, as his engagement for the Lyceum stock prevents his going on the road. Adeline Stanhope has made such a hit as Gwynne that she will be starred in the part.

At a public temperance meeting at Tremont Temple, Boston, some nights ago, the Rev. Dr. Hale said: "Mr. Richard Mansfield has awakened a most intense interest in that remarkable creation, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and no one has worked out the two sides of human nature with such success. The book and drama teach a terrible lesson, and show how vice grows and increases in strength, while virtue as rapidly and surely becomes weaker if vice is tampered with by even so slight an indulgence. If Sunday-school teachers will take Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde as their text book for the next six weeks, they'll have a larger attendance on the last Sunday than on the first."

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The Giddy Gusher.

Your Gusher is accused of levity; and, in truth, this world seems a gigantic joke on the part of somebody to her, and even its troubles, as soon as they reach that position in the landscape that enables one to call them perspective, they are laughable. Still, she has her serious moments, and she struck one of them Saturday night. She was in a hard town small by, as the witty fellow in *The Stranger* is wont to say, and being "connected with the papers," was invited to attend a sort of diluted woman's rights soiree at a prominent lady's residence.

I think my gladsome appearance and buoyant manners rather impressed them, a previous idea having existed that a newspaper woman should be properly spectacled and be a proper spectacle of dignity and deportment. However, I blew myself up with three cups of weak tea and endeavored to sit on the seats and not on the arms of the chairs, tried my best to pull a mug as severe as those worn by my hostesses, restrained myself from interrupting the long-winded speeches with some hilarious expletives that, like Willis' prayer, "came thickly up for utterance."

They were all old, middle-aged girls, and I don't expect to hear such an unbuttoning of spite and wrath and inconsistency again while I live, for I won't be lugged into that sort of society again as long as there are lunatic asylums and lager beer saloons open to me.

From five o'clock in the afternoon till nine in the evening the enormities of some men and the shortcomings of other men formed the topic of discussion. There were papers read; but if the subject was the difficulty of teeth-ling, or the evils of tight lacing, the "papers" left their teeth and corsets and took up man—his ignorance and annoyance, his supposed superiority and his actual inferiority. Along about eight o'clock I thought Daniel in the lions' den had a pleasant situation compared to that of any man who would be dropped in among us. But the door-bell rang at nine, the first installment of men arrived, and if ever I was knocked out by a sudden change of atmosphere it was when all these infuriated Tabbies gathered round those Toms and purred like cats over saucers of milk.

The woman who had said "the heel of the oppressor held 'em in the dust," dusted up to the oppressor and nearly flung herself on his neck.

The woman who had told of the men "reeking from bar-rooms and soul-stained from dalliance with Delilahs," didn't dally a minute in getting so close to one of these wretches that she might have been taken for a side door to a bar-room herself.

Now, mind you, during the readings and discussions of the afternoon I had behaved myself and never said a word. Some fire-brand of a man suggested now that I should be heard from. I don't know what I might have said in the seance, but the conduct of these petticoated hypocrites rankled like a thorn in my gentle bosom, and if ever men heard a man's rights speech they got it from the Gusher.

You bet I'm never asked to meet that gang again.

The only sentence I uttered that accorded with the early views of the afternoon was the remark I made that there was no superiority about man except that which was made by woman's inferiority, and I suggested as a remedy that every mother in the land, no matter what her exchequer, should not only have her daughters taught some self-supporting work, but see that they exercised the ability acquired until they felt within themselves the power to provide for their wants and no dread of being thrown on their own resources.

It's the dreadful idleness and helplessness of woman that is the mischief—girls think of life only as a state of being provided for by men. To get married and have some man to pay her bills is the decent girl's aim in life—to have some man to pay her bills is the aim of all the rest. As long as that state of affairs exists women are going to be subject and inferior. Those women who do get into business are more successful than men. Those women who have higher aims than merely being provided for get on very well.

The Lord never intended woman to be the weaker sex mentally or physically. It's the way she has lived that makes her muscles flabby and her brain mushy. Go out in countries where they yoke up a woman with an ox and plough the field with her. You'll find when you talk to the man who drives this beautiful X match team that he's an enervated, muddle-headed cuss far from benefited by his idleness physically or mentally.

A woman's got lots more works in her than a man. She's capable of better things. You don't want to tell me a Waterbury watch is superior to a Geneva full-jewelled movement, do you?

I went down on the coast of Brittany once with a fine, delicate lady who had been put to nurse there when a child. She had a foster-sister to whom she was deeply attached—a big, coarse, red creature with muscles like a man—who did men's rough work. This lady friend of mine had offered (when at the age of twenty she had made a wealthy marriage) to do everything for Jeanne; got her to leave the coast and go to Paris for a season. But the spirit

of a man, and a tough, independent existence, had more charms for her than any other life. She went back to her fishing smack and hard times. Then her foster-sister gave her a lift in the other way, and when we went down to visit her Jeanne was boss of three large buildings like rope-walks, and was one of the most prosperous of business people. She was putting up all sorts of fishes in tins for shipment to India, for long sea voyages and the like.

I never met a man more intelligent and sensible. One day I was speaking of the unending difference in the life and character of those two babies nursed at one woman's breast and said that it was blood.

"Oh, no," said Jeanne; "I can show you an instance. There's Sara, my head woman."

Now of all people I had met Sara struck me as an out-and-out citizen of that rough coast. Why, Jeanne in her toughest seasons was like cream-laid note beside sand paper, compared to Sara, and Sara's history was this: She had been born in Paris, of a delicate, consumptive Parisienne; a very butterfly of fashion; a moth in the sun of fast life. Her father was one of the titled dukes of the period—a poor weakling, who depended on his valet to draw his breath for him. In this sat-in-hung, rose-scented atmosphere little, puny Sara was born. She was sent off to nurse, and her miserable weakness made her dear to the strong-hearted woman who suckled her.

The mother died, the father died, and little Sara had no one to care for her. The foster-mother just put her in with her own brood, and that milk-and-water offspring of Lubins' extracts and pate de foie gras comes up a female Sullivan. They put up a kind of mammoth sardine in pound and five-pound tins at Jeanne's, and I've seen Sara catch up a little car containing five hundred pound-cans and throw it on a track to be dragged by a simple, weak man into the sealing room just as easily as I could handle a box of cigars. They had fresh meat twice a week for the hands of the factories. One afternoon the donkey cart with three half oxen and some mutton broke down about a hundred feet from her foster-mother's dwelling, which was also the boarding-house. Sara was mending a fyke by the fish packing-house door. The donkey driver was a fellow of twenty-five, and stout enough. He hung out for a friend near to lend a helping hand. Sara got up, slung the half of an ox over her shoulder, and took Mr. Sheep under her arm and walked as straight as a flagstaff to the boarding-house. The driver, after being helped up by his chum, went off after her with his half ox and his knees bending at every step.

Sara beat old Hutchinson for lightning calculation. She kept the books, and fixed the money affairs for Jeanne. She was intelligent and intensely dramatic. She got to telling of a storm and wreck with loss of life that had visited the coast the year before, and never on any stage did I see more thrilling effects produced by attitude and gesture, or hear more passionate, graphic declamation.

She described the carrying through the breakers of a life line, and the stringing of a poor two-year old baby on it and its crossing through the waves half drowned, and how the women all fought as to who should care for the poor orphan.

"Ah, they all have hearts down here," she cried. "Who knows it better than I—saved from the wreck by my life-line here," and she threw her brawny arm about the neck of the withered old woman who had brought her up from birth.

Speaking of babies reminds me that Ella Wheeler Wilcox has lost her child after a few brief hours of life. What baby songs we should have had this Winter. The literature of the little ones has met a sad loss. We have seen Wilcox (who is a commercial traveller) going up and down all the lines she has written since her marriage just as he does over the different lines of railroad. How she would have rocked and written up that poor baby that passed from womb to womb!

Heaven help her! But if it was ever to leave her behind in this world, how much better the little ship should hail her and go down in sight than keep in her company till she had put every chart and compass in its keeping, had put all her freight and ballast on board. Then, when the blast struck the little boat, there's a wreck and nothing saved.

I'm glad that Ella Wilcox has no little baby smiles to see in her sleep, no little, soft, cooing noises to remember, no little, clinging clasps to feel revisiting her empty fingers in her dreams. I hope she may never know them if she must one day lose them. That's awful for the poet wrote when he said: "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." He'd never loved and lost a baby, be sure of that.

And Mrs. Wilcox herself is at death's door. I hope she may not enter it. She has written some very remarkable and distinctively American poetry, and each year she puts a bigger and brighter leaf in her literary chaplet, "which is what" the rest are not doing, as Maria would say.

The most of the living poets are pulling out their feathers whenever they need a quill.

I'm very much taken up with Bill Nye. I

do love a funny man—not a try-to-be-funny one—there's an army of that sort—but an easy, natural kind of fun is a very delightful thing.

Mark Twain made a business of it and it has made a business man of him. The humorists of the press just now are very serious people. The only man I ever knew who was funny all the way through, who didn't hush up his jokes and can them as Jeanne did her sardines, was Artemas Ward, and I only met the last end of him as he was going off to England to die.

I know what the pictures do to me, so when I see Bill in the illustrative cuts without a hair between him and Heaven, I hope it's a mistake of the artist, and that he's young and a lusty liar likely to last.

"He's done me a power of good," as the old woman said. After my Saturday night lodge of sorrow, if I hadn't had a good laugh Sunday with Bill I don't know what would have become of your GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, May 19.

There has been but one production of any theatrical moment since my last, but that has been rather a big thing of its kind. On Monday Mrs. Bernard Beere commenced a season at the Opera Comique with an "entirely original play" in four acts, entitled *As In a Looking Glass*, which has been adapted by F. C. Grove from F. C. Phillips' novel of the same name. The novel consists of selections from the Autobiography of a Woman of the World, who has a Past—with a very big capital P, *bien entendu*—and she tells the story of her present by means of excerpts from her diary, and a very painful, horrible story it is. The book is undeniably clever and has for some time past been the talk of the town. When the announcement was made of an intention to adapt the novel for the stage most people were lost in wonder as to what manner of method would be adopted by the adapter, for on the first blush—and it is full of blushes, or reasons for the same—the book seemed scarcely susceptible of dramatic treatment.

Mr. Grove went to his task with a good heart nevertheless, and now that he has done his work it is but justice to admit that, all things considered, he has done it very well. The end more often sanctifies the means in the theatrical than in the theological world, and judging from the acceptance of *As In a Looking Glass* by the first-nighters on Monday there can be little doubt that the production of this play has broken the spell of misfortune which has for so long hung over a most unfortunate theatre. At the same time it would be idle to shut one's eyes to the fact that Monday's success was due far more to the superb acting of Mrs. Bernard Beere than to the merits of the play in which the success was made.

The first two acts are virtually without incident, and everybody talks a great deal. Granted that the talk is smart and clever beyond the average. It is also brutally cynical, unwholesome and of evil savour. In the third act the action advances, though strangely enough the interest seems to flag. The heroine has to play a part which is "against the audience" all the time—or at least up to the end of this act, where she shows that she really loves the man whose happiness she had previously wrecked. In the last act she pays the penalty of her misdeeds by a suicide's death, and here again was a reason why in nine cases out of ten the verdict at the fall of the curtain would have been unfavorable.

As I have said, nothing but Mrs. Bernard Beere's superb acting converted into a success what might by the turn of a straw have resulted in a dismal failure.

I may as well give you some notion of the plot. Mrs. Lena Despard is a divorcee. In the novel she has been divorced twice, but in the play once has been found enough. Anyhow she has by some mysterious means managed to keep her shame out of the papers. Though her manners are undeniably charming, her customs are somewhat free, and that she can manage to hold up her head at all in society is somewhat of a shock to those who believe that Mrs. Grundy's voice is still paramount in that mystic circle. Lena is desperately hard up. She is of course recklessly extravagant, and is besides an inveterate gambler. Moreover, she is perpetually blackmailed by Captain Jack Fortinbras, an unscrupulous scoundrel to whom she is bound by memories of that Post to which I have already alluded. Lena's last hope of rehabilitation lies in a wealthy marriage, and she lays herself out to capture Mr. Algernon Balfour. Algernon is engaged to be married to a Miss Vyse, who loves him with passionate devotion, which he returns with equal fervor; but of course Lena has got herself to look after—and she looks. By a short series of artful little manoeuvres which would be very ingenious indeed if they had not been so extremely liable to be upset at any moment by either Mr. Balfour or Miss Vyse deviating—if ever so slightly—into sense, Lena breaks off the engagement between this devoted couple, and presently hooks Algernon for herself. A heavy bribe is the price of Fortinbras' assistance in the plot, and Lena, failing to complete her portion of the contract, the bully denounces her to her husband on their wedding morning. She im-

plores forgiveness, but Algernon is obdurate, and poor Lena ends her strange, eventful history by an intentional overdose of chloral.

Count Paul Dromeroff, the chief of the Russian secret police, who in the novel poses as a sort of *deus ex machina*, turns up in the third act of the play, and as presented by M. Marius somewhat lightens the gloom by his humor. It was rumored in the theatre that he was made up in the likeness of Count Adlerberg, 'one of the secretaries at the Russian Embassy; but as I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with this gentleman, I cannot vouch for the rumor's truth. I noted, however, that the Prince of Wales smote an amused smile of recognition when Marius came on, and several courtly personages among the audience followed suit.

To Mrs. Bernard Beere I have already given unstinted praise. I will say, however, that it would be well for her to moderate the realism of her death-scene, in which she out-Fedora's Fedora. Herbert Standing lent her good support as the scoundrel Fortinbras: Mr. Rockland was manly and earnest as Algy Balfour, but is hardly big enough to play the lover to such a fine figure of a woman as Mrs. B. B. Eva Sothorn had in the character of Miss Vyse a part unworthy of her ability. All she had to do was to look pretty and show herself possessed of a disposition confiding even unto imbecility. She did this charmingly.

Among the other novelties of the week is the new ballet, *Nadia*, which has replaced *Dresdina* at the Alhambra. The last-named dealt with charming specimens of china and glass ware as represented by large numbers of more or less beautiful ballerines, led by several principal dancers of note. *Nadia* is a Russian ballet in two tableaux. Tableau I. is a local interior, wherein preparations are afoot for the marriage of *Nadia* to a young nobleman of the neighborhood. The bride-elect, who, as represented by Danseuse Palladino, wears less clothing for the ceremony than any bride-elect I have yet met, trips neatly on and signifies her joy to the wedding guests and to her future husband by various difficult steps and figures. The bridegroom elect and the guests do ditto, and then exeunt, apparently for a little refreshment, leaving *Nadia* solus. Then, to the accompaniment of supernatural music, there comes *Demonio*, a tall young masher, who, taking down a lute which happens to hang by the door, plays the same and also dances with such effect as to entrance and enchant little *Nadia*. So much so, that she again relieves her mind by dancing suddenly. The wedding-party, having refreshed, return and are about to hasten to the wedding, when *Demonio* clutches *Nadia* and disappears with her down a trap.

In the next tableau you find that D. and N. have arrived in the bowels of the earth at a stalactite cave in the silver mines of somewhere. Here *Nadia* is regaled by all sorts and conditions of dances by the stalactites, who are lovely and often large young ladies clad—or partly so—in the most gorgeous gold and silver costumes ever seen even in an Alhambra ballet. *Demonio* again indulges in several pas de fascinations, to which *Nadia* replies in the same kind of leg-language and *Demonio* seems likely to triumph in his bold, bad abduction-scheme, when suddenly the bridegroom-elect comes in, or rather down, and dances defiance to *Demonio*, and, ultimately amid an orchestral crescendo, defeats that abductor and rescues *Nadia*.

The ballet was a big success not only saltatorially, but also in its marvellous mounting and its splendid characteristic music as supplied by M. Jacobi, the Alhambra's chief of orchestra.

The aforesaid *Dresdina*, by the bye, is to be brought to your nation by Bolossy Kiralfy and Edmond Gerson, who propose to drop it into their grand spectacular production of *V. Sardou's Patrie*. For principal dancer, Kiralfy and Gerson have engaged Antoinette Bella, whom they describe as the "Etoile danseuse of the World," which is a polyglot way of putting it.

A novelty, which, like the wet-nurse's baby in "Midshipman Easy," may be excused, because it is a "very little one," was seen on Saturday night at the Prince of Wales, where Cellier and Stephenson's comedy-opera *Dorothy* is still (at about its 220th performance) drawing big houses. The novelette in question was a piece of circumstance called *Jubilation*, and has for its themelet the misunderstandings of three pairs of lovers, sandwiched with many references, musical and otherwise, to the Jubilee-craze which is just now running riot in these our islands. The libretto (the quips and cranks of which caused much merriment) is by Richard Henry (otherwise Richard Butler and Henry Chance Newton), joint authors of the Gaiety burlesque, *Monte Cristo, Jr.*, which is going on toward its 150th performance. The music of *Jubilation* is by Ivan Caryll and H. J. Leslie, and bright and charming music it is.

The little piece was capitally acted especially by Arthur Williams as a rum octogenarian of ultra loyal tendencies, who always makes a profound obeisance at the mention of

the word Jubilee; and by Harriet Coveney as a romantic middle-aged servant.

On Monday Irving and company revived *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum, and were rewarded throughout the evening with the enthusiastic applause of one of the biggest audiences ever seen, even at the Lyceum. Irving was of course the Shylock, one of his finest impersonations, and Ellen Terry again charmed all and sundry by her acting as Portia, a part in which she, like a certain ancient mariner's watch, is "ekalied by few and excelled by none." Irving's next revival, due on the 28th, will be *Louis XI.*

The only new production at present announced for next week is *Peaceful War*, an adaptation by Sophie Scott and L. Wagner, to be titled at the Prince of Wales' matinee next Tuesday. This piece is from *Der Krieg im Frieden*, and was Englished here two or three years ago by Moths Harvest H. Hamilton, under the title of *Our Regiment*. If I recollect rightly you Americans have a version of it called *The Passing Regiment*.

Some months ago, in a drama called *A Dark Secret*, played at the Standard, an East-end of vast dimensions, there was a scene representing the Thames at Henley during regatta time. This was shown by means of an enormous tank of real water, on which real boats, real swans, etc., floated more or less serenely. For the forthcoming drama at the same house we are promised a sensation scene showing a storm at sea. For this vast quantities of real water will also be used, with a real lifeboat struggling madly with real billows, which will be produced by means of a certain mechanical invention the true inwardness of which I am for the present forbidden to divulge.

Lovely Mary, which her other name is Anderson, put up Dean Milman's sombre tragedy, *Fazio*, at Liverpool last Saturday, and according to my correspondent in that region, awakened great enthusiasm as Bianca, the jealousy-wrung and terror-stricken heroine. *Forbes Robertson* is also said to have scored as the gold craving murderer, *Fazio*, and most of the rest of the cast acquitted themselves fairly well. Mary (who has wrought sad havoc in my heart) claims to have just discovered that *Fazio* was founded by Milman on a murder case which was agitating Florence at the time of his (M.'s) visit. If Mary had consulted her faithful Gawain, he could have told her all about that long ago.

Grace Hawthorne's successor at the Olympic, Agnes Hewitt, proposes to commence her management of that house on June 11, when she will offer Henry Herman and Freeman Wills' new drama, *The Golden Band*, which of course means *A Wedding Ring*. Among those known to Americans at present engaged to support Agnes are George Barrett, Brandon Thomas, J. P. Burnett (husband of Jenny "Jo" Lee) and J. G. Grahame. Miss Eugenie Edwards (Mrs. Henry Herman) will also be in the cast.

We are to have some more Brown Pottery—at the Gaiety to wit. On June 20 Mrs. J. B. P. will commence a season there with an adaptation of Delpit's drama, *Faustine de Brenia*, which was recently produced at the Paris Ambigu. Henry Irving secured the English acting right of this play some time ago, but has generously waived his claim in favor of the lady, who, he believes, will do better next time. Anyhow, Irving thinks she ought to have another chance, and she is going to have it. Mrs. Potter will of course play *Faustine*. The name of the gentleman responsible for the English version has not yet been made public, but rumor points to Herman Merivale of *Forget Me-Not* fame.

This (Thursday) afternoon yours truly and several others of more or less light and leading were summoned by Henry Herman to the Midland Hotel to welcome Wilson Barrett on his arrival home from your hospitable shores. We went gladly (at least most of us did) and found Wilson looking remarkably well. In reply to a brief but earnest speech of welcome given off by the spokeswoman, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Wilson Barrett spoke highly of America and of its natives and hopes that for his sake all concerned would heartily welcome any or all American artists who might come here. Of course we all said "Yes, yes," etc., but the request and the reply were alike unnecessary, for we always do welcome American artists whenever they are worth welcoming, which is mostly, and of course you Americans do the same by us.

But enough on that head. Barrett's speech was vigorous, honest and manly, and he said among other things that he hoped shortly to be hard at work among us. I hope so, too, for in spite of his several little mistakes, he has always worked well and has kept many people going; therefore do I hope he will prosper. The reception was not without its humors, the chief of which was the oratorical attempts of an American lady journalist present to capture an advertisement for the paper she represented on the other side, and her ultimate dragging of that paper's title in by its teeth, if a title may be said to have teeth. Her welcome of W. B. back to his own country was hailed as a genuine bit of low-comedy.

Gawain.

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE]

The Usher.



Mean him who can! The ladies call him, round.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

If there's anything that arouses every fibre of aggressiveness in my composition it is to see actors forgetting the duty they owe to the public when "acting out on the stage." The player has no more right to trifle with his audience than the clergyman with his congregation, or the lawyer with his court and jury. These observations were suggested by the peculiar behavior of the leading members of the Duff company on the last night of Gasparone at the Standard. Whether it was the prospect of relief from an old opera, the sight of a house of moderate proportions, or a collective exuberance of animal spirits, I do not know; but whatever it was that caused Miss Russell, Mr. Ryley, M. Gaillard, Mrs. Seguin and the rest to act with the same unconventional disregard for appearances that they might exhibit at a private family gathering, the result was decidedly unsatisfactory to the spectators. They grinned, giggled, grimaced and gaggled to their hearts' content, and seemed to be more intent on amusing one another than amusing the audience. In this they succeeded capitally. These ladies and gentlemen would be mightily offended if they were told that they were engaged in cheating several hundreds of people, but I'll wager that everybody that paid for a seat to see the performance in question felt a sense of, personal injury and loss. I administer this rebuke in good part, for it is the province of a journal that has the professional welfare at stake to point out just such offenses against stage propriety.

The sheriff, it appears, has been raiding Jeffreys Lewis' box-office after the play, with an attachment. Our Sage thinks it would have been a touching attention to do it before, that the fair artist might find her theatre swept and garnished.

Helen Standish, a pretty and intelligent actress, seems to be a victim of managerial caprice, to put it mildly. She was engaged for the part of Tai in The Pyramid at the Star, and was very acceptable in it. Miss Standish was frozen out of the cast on Monday.

She tells me why in the following words: "There appeared to be a multitudinous number of backers in the concern, one following another in rapid rotation. Last week Mr. Frankenstein asked me to resign because the latest backer wanted to put a friend of his in my place. I thought it over and declined to step down and out. Thereupon I was told I should not be wanted anyway. Now they give out that I was incompetent, and that is why I want to set the matter straight through THE MIRROR. I am reporting nightly for duty, as I claimed two weeks' notice or two weeks' salary and was refused. If I have redress at law I shall go into court."

Some managers seem to have a sublime disregard for anything except their own selfish wishes, and they treat their artists with the tyranny of autocrats. Miss Standish on her own presentation of the case has been ill-used. Let us hope she will be able to right her wrongs in the end.

I have received the following letter from that bright writer, John E. McCann, concerning some remarks made in this column last week:

New York, May 26, 1887.

My Dear Usher:

I kiss you and to you for your warm-blooded tribute to John Matthews, which I have this moment finished reading, in this week's issue of your paper. I think I ought to know John about as well as anybody living, seeing that we lived together up in Fourth avenue for five years—from 1883 to 1885. When I say "we," I mean John, Dorcas and I. I know him from his hair to his heel; I have known him to give a tramp all he had (\$2.50) on a cold winter's night and come to our rooms penniless. And why? Because the tramp wanted a pair of shoes. An hundred times I have known him to come in penniless when I knew that he ought to have money. Yes, indeed, lift your hat to John Matthews every time you see him, for if the Lord ever sent the makings of a man, a gentleman and a thoroughbred into this world in the shape of a boy, he surely did when he sent Johnny Matthews here.

When Nym Crispie writes a neat column that the first column of this week's number of The Mirror, when Colonel Ingersoll ceases to be brilliant and forceful and unanswerable; when Master Francis Vilson shoots across the literary firmament of Manhattan; when a young man or woman without friends at court can get *Harper's*, *Atlantic* or *Centinel*; when Mr. Gold is a beggar; when Mr. Dana allows sweet charity to enter the sacred precincts of his immortal soul; when Posen Curtis realizes that he made a mistake when he tried to palm off one of Master Bret Harte's stories as his own; when the New York *World* treats those who have helped entertain the world, by their genius, with proper respect; when actors will take the musketeers' motto ("One for all—and all for one") for their own; when a finer leading lady than Rose Eytune appears in this country, or a better reading man than Charlie Thorne; when whippersnappers cease being "funny" at Tenyson's expense; when a Bazin, a Byron, a Poe, a Davenport, a Walter Montgomery, a Cushman, a Hook, a Jerrild, a Sidney Smith, a Gautier, a Mathews, a George Honey, another Master Wallace, another Henry J. Raymond, another Fecht, or another Mr. John L. Sullivan appears in the midst of us when we have honored and honorable, royal and loyal, childlike and intellectual, courageous and chivalric Johnny Matthews, with a heart like the heart of an oak, with the heart and the soul of a Jean Valjean, accept a benediction from me; I have not seen you, Mr. Usher, for two years; and the last

time I saw Johnny I asked him why he did not take a benefit. This was his answer: "I take a benefit! No, sir! I may not be a great actor, but I am not a beggar."

To you and Mr. Matthews I tender the assurance of my most distinguished consideration, and beg to subscribe myself

Ever of these,
JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

Dr. Taylor is a faithful officer of the Fund. During the past two months he has made 263 calls on its account. Since one year ago only two cases placed under his care have terminated fatally, and both of those were incurable.

Tony Hart is quite ill. He managed with some difficulty to finish last week in Boston, which fortunately ended his season.

The Columbia Sophomores are no longer satisfied with confining their idiotic horse-play to the campus—they must needs bring it into the theatre. Tuesday they buried Legendre, and in celebration thereof they visited the Bijou with other classes. Such of the public as were present were disgusted with the rowdiness of these unlicked cubs. They kept the place in a continuous uproar and turned the performance inside out. This may be fun, but I can't see it. Even Mr. Dixey and his associates have some dignity to maintain, and such scenes as occurred Tuesday degrade the theatre. Mr. Rice has been particularly enterprising in breaking down the barriers between the stalls and the footlights, and this is one of the means he has adopted in doing it. When a parcel of beardless fools can guy the actors and insult the chorus-girls from the front to the top of their bent, the time for protest has arrived. And in the name of self-respecting professionals, both managers and actors, I do protest emphatically.

THE MIRROR's critic of amateur dramatics begins in this number a review of the season's work in this city and Brooklyn. He sums up the result of his observations among the society amateurs. Next week the Lexington Avenue Opera House contingent will receive attention, while the Amaranth, Kemble and other clubs across the river will be the subject of a subsequent article.

Several Irons in the Fire.

Just at this time one of the busiest dramatists in the country is Howard P. Taylor. He has orders for four plays for next season, and is now, in the seclusion of a rural retreat, working hard upon them. Mr. Taylor makes an occasional visit to the city, however, and on Monday a MIRROR reporter met him on the Square and here gives the substance of a chat over his new productions:

"My most pretentious effort this season," said Mr. Taylor, "will be *Snowflake*, which was originally produced in San Francisco early in 1876, at the Grand Opera House, with Annie Pixley as the heroine. After a lapse of over eleven years, it will be revived at Niblo's Garden on Oct. 24, under the management of Hayden, Dickson and Roberts. Mr. Hayden will shortly go to Europe to purchase the armor and costumes and engage principals of the ballet.

"The great expense attaching to the production of *Snowflake* has hitherto deterred Eastern managers from taking hold of it, until Mr. Dickson read the play, some four months ago. He became enthusiastic, and the firm at once contracted for it. They assure me that the cost of production will be between \$15,000 and \$20,000. Artists and carpenters are now at work on the scenery and mechanical effects, and I am inclined to believe, from the great preparations being made, that it will eclipse any similar production ever seen in this city. The story is founded on the German legend of *Snaewichen* (or *Snowdrop*), and can be found in Grimm's fairy tales. It is particularly interesting to ladies and children. I have departed from the original in my late rewriting, and believe I have made a more interesting story, at least to Americans, and have invented a number of new and pleasing situations and effects. None of the original comedy is retained; I have substituted the best I am capable of writing. The seven pigmies will be natural dwarfs, who will be given a thorough training by W. H. Daly, under whose direction the spectacle will be produced. 'The Feast of the Fire-Flies' will be one of the novel scenes. The stage is darkened and myriads of fire-flies (or, rather, their sparks) will scintillate in the gloom. Then vari-colored calciums will be thrown from different points, when almost every conceivable kind of animal, from the frog to the elephant, will appear, and go through a dance to the strains of an orchestra, also composed of animals. The transformation scene in the last act will be called 'The Land of Gold.' Everything, even to the birds of the air, will be of a golden hue, and the ballet will be in golden armor. Yellow calciums will heighten the effect. Revolving pillars, carriages and horses, large floating shells, a canopied throne, with fairy realm beyond, will all be of gold. This scene will cost several thousand dollars. There will be from 150 to 200 people engaged in the representation."

"But to cut the canopy and look beyond, what other plays will you have on next season?"

"I suppose Minnie Maddern will continue in *Caprice*. Several parties are negotiating for *Infatuation*. Last week I received a letter from Mrs. James Brown Potter regarding this play, and, if no disposition is made of

it before, I will probably read it to her on her return from abroad. I am now on the fourth act of a new drama of New England life for Maggie Mitchell, with which she proposes to open her next season. The piece is something on the style of *Caprice*, and will afford excellent scope for her versatility. I am also engaged on a new comedy-drama for Annie Pixley, which is to be finished in time for next season. This piece will also be one of New England life, but quite different from anything I have yet written. As soon as I can get time, I shall devote a month or so to the vivisection and rewriting of *The Red Pocket-book*, the property of Fred. W. Bert. I believe this drama will make a veritable sensation some day. Frank Daniels will produce *Little Puck* the coming season. This is a farce-comedy I wrote two summers ago. It has been changed materially, however, to allow Mr. Daniels to introduce considerable horse-play of his own peculiar conception. I am not partial to this kind of work, but I presume all tastes have to be suited."

A Distinguished Anglo-American.

On Saturday last John Sleeper Clarke, the distinguished comedian, and probably the largest owner of theatrical property in the world, being the sole proprietor of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which is the oldest theatre in this country; the Opera House, Broad street, in the same city, and the Strand, London, arrived in America on the *Germanic*, and took apartments at the Gilsey House.

"I had intended to come over a week or so earlier," he said to a MIRROR reporter who called on him. "In fact, I had my tickets already bought and was to have occupied the captain's room in the *Celtic*. But I couldn't arrange my business at the Strand in time, so postponed the trip. I think I'm very lucky on account of it. The *Celtic* was the vessel that had the collision, when four persons were killed. I have just three dogs with me, so you can see what a narrow escape I've had. The trip over was rather rough for this season of the year, and it was very foggy on this side of the banks where the collision took place.

"My reason for coming over is that I haven't visited America in five years, and besides this I have certain private business to attend to. Colonel McCaull's lease of the Opera House-Philadelphia, has expired, and there are a number of applicants for it. So I am going over to the Quaker City to decide who shall have it. Mr. McCaull is not one of the applicants. The Opera House is not, as its name implies, solely devoted to music. In it some of the greatest living actors, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, E. A. Sothorn, J. K. Emmet, and others, including your humble servant, have played some of the largest and most successful engagements of their lives. My other house in Philadelphia, the Walnut Street Theatre, is in possession of I. Fleischmann, whose lease has about four years more to run. There are other matters besides the Opera House that I must attend to, but I think I will get away in about a month. At any rate, that is my present intention.

"While I am here I shall try and see all my old friends, and, if possible, I shall attend the dedication ceremonies of the Actors' Fund Monument. I am glad to see that the profession is advancing so rapidly to a proper regard of what they owe to themselves and their fellows. There is no very immediate cause for my hurrying back to England, as the Strand, with the old comedies, is running along to splendid business. The *Clandestine Marriage* is on at present. The old comedies will be continued up to Christmas, and perhaps longer.

"I have no present intention of acting either in England or America. My last acting was finished about three months ago, when I concluded a long provincial tour through England, Scotland and Ireland."

Young Sothorn's Star.

"I have just closed a contract with E. H. Sothorn," said Daniel Frohman to a MIRROR reporter, "by which I shall control his services for three years after the coming season. I propose to star him in light comedies, not unlike those in which Charles Mathews and Charles Wyndham made their successes. I have had the opportunity of watching, during the past season, how Mr. Sothorn played in this house, and his popularity with our audiences prompted me to try him with *The Highest Bidder*, which has made a success beyond all our expectations.

"After he finishes with *Miss Dauvray* next season, he will return to the Lyceum Theatre and appear in one or more new comedies, playing through the Spring season and again in the early Autumn. I will then put him on the road with a good comedy company in support, while my regular stock company occupies the Lyceum Theatre, and he will return when my stock company is on tour. Mr. Sothorn's success the past season warrants the prediction that he will be as successful a star as was his father, in roles of perhaps less eccentric character."

The Twilight of Adonis.

Henry E. Dixey was walking quickly up and down the lobby of the Bijou Opera House when a MIRROR reporter met him the other day. The young comedian has grown stouter since he returned, and explaining away a little hoarseness by the fact that it was his morning voice, he said:

"I have decided to close my season here on

June 11, which will be the 1,100th performance. I don't know what preparations have been made for celebrating the event, but I know that it is looked forward to with pleasure by me, because it means the end of the season. I'm going to take a good rest. I am sorry, but I can't tell you where. I don't care to have anyone know. I'll travel simply as 'George Jones, New York.' Do I come back again in the Fall to play here? No, I won't be seen again at the Bijou Opera House until I bring out *Faust*. That will be about six months from now.

"During the Summer it is our intention to have the theatre entirely renovated; there will be larger chairs put in; about fifty of the present seats will be taken out, so that there will be more room; new carpets will be put in, and the entire front of the theatre will be touched up. When it opens in September with *Conrad the Corsair* it will, I think, look almost like a new house. I shall produce the latter burlesque myself, giving my entire time to its presentation, and then I shall go on the road again until such time as we are ready for the production of *Faust*."

Gossip of the Town.



Alma Varrey's bright and pretty face is presented above. Miss Varrey is a vivacious actress who has come to the front in connection with the Casino company. The delightful swag of her love-making Captain in *Erminie* is irresistible. She hugs and kisses and says sweet nothings to the comely female peasantry with true military ardor and insincerity. Miss Varrey has been out of the cast a short time on account of a slight illness, and her absence has been noted and missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bothner sail for Europe on June 22.

Ariel N. Barney will manage Thomas W. Keene next season.

The Fall season of the New York School of Acting opens on Oct. 23.

Al Hayman arrives in the city from San Francisco next Tuesday.

The May Blossom company has just closed a season of forty-three weeks.

George W. June has been engaged to go in advance of Harrison's Silver King company.

Dick Gorman will star almost exclusively in his new Yankee play, *Human Nature*, next season.

The Highest Bidder company are being rehearsed in some new scenes which have been added to the play.

Edmund Tearle has written J. H. Mack requesting permission to play *Spartacus* in the English provinces.

Franklyn Regild has cancelled his San Francisco engagement and will devote himself to newspaper writing during the Summer.

George W. Sammis, last season with Colonel McCaull, has been engaged as advance agent for Richard Mansfield's company for next season.

Edgar L. Davenport has returned East from California after a long absence. He will be a member of the Boston Museum company next season.

Julia Anderson produced her new play, *Inez*, at Bridgeport, Ct., on Monday night, and Manager Frank Brooker writes that it scored a success.

Randall's Theatrical Bureau has added the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, and Walker's Opera House, Burlington, Vt., to the list of theatres which it represents.

William Garen, now business manager of Muggs' Landing, will take out a vaudeville company headed by Topack and Steele this Summer, opening at Rochester on June 20.

W. H. Power has closed season as manager of the Ivy Leaf company and is representing a circuit of twenty-five Michigan towns during the Summer.

Effie Ellsler will open her season at Long Branch on August 30 in Egypt. The latest acquisitions to the company are Florence Field and Archie Boyd.

Charley Reed, Leona Fontainblu, Emma Hagger, Thomas Q. Seabrook and Elvia Crox have been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas for their different attractions.

Robert McNair, C. J. Jackson, W. H. Turner and James R. Garey have been engaged by A. B. Anderson to support Henry Chanfrau in his fortnight engagement in this city this month.

E. V. Sinclair died recently at sea on his way home to England from a tour of the West Indies. He leaves a wife (professionally known as Maude Clifford) and three young children.

Rehearsals of Travers House, the new play to be produced at Niblo's Garden on June 20 will begin on next Monday night. The cast will include two leading ladies, Adele Belgarde and Adeline Stanhope, and three leading men, Forrest Robinson, James Wilson and John T. Sullivan.

Charles D. Mackay, eldest son of F. F. Mackay, has been with Louis James the past season. He is said to give brilliant promises.

Mr. E. A. Levan, THE MIRROR's Toronto correspondent, was in town for a day or two last week. He left for Europe on Saturday.

Julius Cahn and George Dickson have purchased the right to a new American opera by Barclay Walker, entitled *Magona*. The work was produced at the Grand Opera House, Indianapolis, week before last.

H. R. Jacobs has added another link to his chain. He has leased Wareing's Theatre, Hoboken, and rechristened it H. R. Jacobs' Hoboken Opera House. The house can be rented by the night or week from now until August 29.

Frank M. Barbeck, last season with the Boston Museum stock company, has been engaged by Frank W. Sanger for the Harbor Lights company for next season. Mrs. Barbeck (Nellie Lingard) will remain in England.

Comstock and MacGeachy will open their Ocean circuit on June 13, when they will present *The Private Secretary* for a week, with M. A. Kennedy, Frank Tannehill, Jr., Herbert Ayling, Mrs. Myers and Miss Haslam in the cast.

Hazel Kirke will be presented at the Grand Opera House on June 20 with the veteran C. W. Coudock in his old part. Strenuous efforts are to be made toward securing the entire original cast, and Sydney Cowell will probably appear.

George L. Harrison has purchased from Harry Miner the exclusive rights to *The Silver King* for this country. The contract was signed last Saturday. Mr. Harrison will open his season at the People's Theatre, Chicago, on August 20.

Miss S. H. Bingham, formerly of the New York School of Acting, and at present teacher in the Berkeley School, has written a little play which was given its first presentation last (Wednesday) night at the commencement exercises of the School at Chickering Hall.

Jennie Yeamans has received an offer of \$150 a week for four weeks to support Gas Williams at the Alcazar, San Francisco, with a guarantee to star her for a similar period in Our Jennie. Miss Yeamans was forced to decline on account of the limited time given her to make necessary preparations.

The first reading of a new comedy was had by Richard Mansfield's company at the Madison Square Theatre on Tuesday morning, and the work was at once put in rehearsal. It will be produced on June 13, provided Prince Karl does not surprise the comedian by taking on new life. Emily Maynard is engaged for the cast.

"There is not a lithograph or hanger or a stand of bills out for our season at the Madison Square, except those in front of the house," said Manager E. D. Price, of Richard Mansfield's company, the other day. "nor will there be this Summer. We are doing all our advertising in the newspapers, and the results show that the other methods are entirely unnecessary."

J. O. Milson, of the new Theatre Vendome, Nashville, is in town. He says the roof of the house was being put on when he left, and that there is no doubt about the house being finished by Sept. 15. Nashville, he reports, is having as big a "boom" as any city in the South. Not only is real estate going up, but factories are being built, and the city is having the benefit of a sustained impetus to trade.

The following is the full cast of *Hypercrite* to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next Monday night: Edward Walton, Osmond Tearle; George, an octoroon, Newton Gott-hold; Richard Singleton, Herbert Kelcy; Doctor Vernon, Harry Courtaine; Barney Elliott, Charles S. Dickson; Archibald, Tony Farrell; Edith Walton, Annie Rob; Grace Courtaine, Miriam O'Leary, and Martha, Marie Bates.

Murray and Murphy open their engagement at the Union Square Theatre on next Monday evening in *Our Irish Visitors*. They will make Thursday night a professional night. No tickets will be sold, and they will only be given away to professional and newspaper men. Tuesday is to be the *Newsboys'* night, when money will again be refused at the doors and the house be open free to newsboys and such journalists as may desire to see the fun.

Harry Chapman, the veteran, will be business manager and treasurer of the Frankford (Pa.) Opera House for Saphore and Melville. As a stock company will be run for a major part of the season, Mr. Chapman will rummage his trunk and try the effect of some of his new plays on the suburban of the Quaker City. Their effect will be watched with interest. The author does not lack the slightest confidence in his plays, and believes they will attract the attention of the great stars.

"Margaret Mather has just closed a most successful season of forty-four weeks," said J. M. Hill to a representative of the MIRROR the other day. "and next week she will go to Europe for two months or so. She opens next season in Rochester on August 25. Besides her regular repertoire, she will have *Thais*, a five-act tragedy by the elder Dumas which was specially written for Rachel. The play will be presented with entirely new scenery and costumes, though just where we will first present it has not been decided upon. Miss Mather will not appear in New York until after the first of January. Her whole season is booked, and she will again visit California. She will also tour the South. Among the people re-engaged in support are Frederick Paulding, Miles Levick, Okane Hillis, Jeannie Harold and Mrs. Smith."

Negotiations are pending between J. H. Mack and W. W. Kelly, manager for Grace Hawthorne, to have Robert Downing play a season at the Princess' Theatre, London, during the present Summer. Mr. Kelly says there is considerable curiosity among press men and others in London to see Mr. Downing in his version of *Spartacus*. Mr. Mack will clinch the offer if it can be made for two months instead of one, as he would not take over his elaborate scenery and costumes, but would have everything made in London. Nor would he take over a company—only the star and two leading people. Manager Mack thinks an engagement of less than two months would not warrant the heavy expenses attending the venture. Manager Kelly is sanguine that Mr. Downing and the production would be a success at the Princess', where England's favorite romantic actress has been so successful. Mr. Kelly bares his belief upon having seen Mr. Downing in the tragedy before he left for Europe.

PROVINCIAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

shade. I'd like to return thanks to him for his generous favors.

BUCYRUS.

Arrest: Wallace and Co.'s Circus May 27. Good business and good entertainment. Much of its success is due to Willis Cobb, the manager.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.

New Market Theatre (J. P. Howe, manager): The Lewis Morrison Co. played a return engagement of three nights May 22, after a very successful tour of the Sound Circuit under Mr. Howe's management. The show presented won at East, East and Under the Sunlight.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRISBURG.

State Capital Rink: Gilmore's Famous Band was the attraction at this resort in two concerts May 23. The attendance was large and the satisfaction of the audience found vent in the most forcible manner. The band being ordered when possible to repeat. The soloists of the band, of which it is wholly composed, are artists, and the fact was strongly present in their most masterly execution of some very difficult music. "The Night Owl," a humorous composition in music, won the most genuine applause of the evening, being in the nature of a breathing-spot from the band and strained attention due to the climatic programme preceding and following it. Miss Fitch, the soprano, sang "Non Sano" with a breadth of style and execution almost incomparable, and for an encore gave "Sweetheart" with a profusion of fervid music most surprising. Gilmore, who is regarded as an Irishman from his familiarity with the stick.

SCRANTON.

Academy of Music (C. H. Lindsay, manager): The Globe Theatre Co. week of May 23, giving seven matinees and four evenings. The show is quite good and deserved better business.

Gilmore's Band matinee and evening 24, to fair business. The concert was held in the S. C. G. Army.

PITTSBURGH.

Musical Hall (W. S. K. manager): The Kittle Rhodes Co. closed a week's engagement May 23, and in spite of rainy weather and a firemen's festival they played to good business. Miss Rhodes is a bright little actress and was very funny. The show closed their season at Eastern, Pa., nothing but a success.

Item: Ten Minors is always on sale at the Music Hall book store.

MCKESPORT.

Opera House (James E. White, manager): The Lorch-Pomeroy Co. opened May 21 for a week in Lady Audley's Secret, followed by The Adonis and the Daughter of the Forge, Hamlet, Pygmalion, and Galatea. Canell and Oliver T. Fair business. The plays were presented in the most effective manner.

Item: After Saturday night's performance Professor Van Anden (leader of the orchestra) was pleasantly surprised in being called to the stage to perform a little bit of dancing. If they had more than two or three to go on the stage it might be more interesting. Next season is opened rather early by Cora Van Anden on August 26.

WARRICK.

Liberty Hall (Wagon Wheel, manager): Helene Adell opened a week's engagement May 21, presenting A Night in Rome, M. the Engaged, The New Macbeth, Canella, Our Boys and The Colleen Bawn in excellent style. Miss Adell is an excellent actress, presenting a strong, rich voice, great beauty and a striking stage presence. The rest of the cast was strong, giving the best of support. The show has an elegant wardrobe. Helene Adell is a very pretty young woman during the week. Audiences very large and fashionable.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliot, proprietor): The Baldwin Theatre Co. May 23, week. Repertory Queen's Evidence, The Orphan, The Girl of the Year, East Lynne, Hans Kriemhild and Dan. Co. Good business; very appreciative audience. Mr. Hardy's cornet solos were most nightly. Company remains another week.

LANCASTER.

Palace Opera House (John P. Hill, manager): Amy Gordon Opera Co. May 23, week, presenting Gipsy Girl, Fra Diavolo, The Mikado, Grand Duchess, Olivette, etc. to good business. Ethel Lynton, the star, is also the other leading actress, and sang well, but the chorus was rather light.

King Street Theatre (C. Burger, manager): Gilmore's Band to large and fashionable audiences afternoon and evening of 21. Every member of the band is an artist. Letting the soloist, a solo and a solo and a solo.

ERIE.

Park Opera House (John P. Hill, manager): Tony Pastor May 23; business large. The show is excellent throughout, and was the cause of many a hearty laugh. Miss Madeline J. Manager Hill's benefit.

Item: A lodge of Elks was instituted here Saturday afternoon with fifteen members—Tony Pastor was the recipient of a very handsome floral offering.

BUTLER.

Opera House (J. J. McCandless, manager): Arthur Love, in The Hoocher Doctor, May 21, to large business at peak prices. The play, which has very little plot, depends entirely upon comedy work, of which at times fails very far.

Item: Arthur Love originally came from Butler Co. and has many friends here.

TYRONE.

Opera House (W. F. Conrad, proprietor): Closed the season at Tyrone May 23, week. The show is good business and satisfied audiences. The show of 21, Co. disbanded at Philadelphia 24. Will play dates as engaged, but go to Atlantic City, N. J., to open a Summer season. An elegant Co. and deserved success.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Samuel Garden: Opening of the ninth season with Little Eve's in New Angel.

Westminster Music: Last week of the season introduced the Reinhardt Opera Co. in Little Red Riding Hood.

Item: W. Eaton Brown, musical director for Lotta, is home here very ill.

WESTERLY.

The Opera House is closed for the season. Manager Meriv is now looking for next season and promises us many strong attractions.

Professor William Jaeger and George Sherman, who have been residing at the Opera House in this city, left town Thursday for Baltimore to join Harry Woodson's Minstrels for the summer season.

LIGHTS OF LONDON CO.

Light's of London Co. No. 1 played to a small audience in Amory Hall May 27. Co. fair.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

The Grand (W. J. Johnson, manager): The Jennie Holmes Co. held the boards all last week to good business, presenting Devotion, Queen's Evidence, Queen and Kathleen Macrone. Prices reduced to 25-30-50, and as an extra inducement each purchaser of an admission ticket received a number, which number represented a chance in the distribution of various presents, that were given away from time to time. This method of drawing patronage has been adopted on several occasions this Spring. To my mind it is a very desirable one; once begun it must be continued, or the public interest and away. In the end, the management will, I fear, find that it is a mode of advertisement calculated to do injury to the standing of the house, especially so with the profession abroad. A Co., dramatic or operatic, that cannot stand on its own merits, is not likely to do so. A head-office business in Nashville. Our theatre-goers are quick to discover the good from the bad, and they are neither slow to show their appreciation of the former nor their indifference to the latter.

The Maudie (E. V. Anglin, manager): A large and delighted audience assembled Thursday and seemed to enjoy very much the operatic concert, given by Wallace Macmurry, the handsome tenor, with the assistance of the following artists: Misses Becky Levy, Miss Meehan, Lorman, Wood and Griffith, and Messrs. James Kliney, Chas. G. Borden, and Rynold. The programme embraced a selection from the Pirates of Penzance, I Trouvare and Trial by Jury. Mr. Macmurry, Miss Levy and Miss Meehan, each acquitted themselves handsomely. Macmurry's voice was in good form. Professor Anderson occupied for the first time the position assigned him by Mr. Anglin as leader of the orchestra. To say that he acquitted himself most creditably would be stating a fact. He was once the leader of the orchestra at Macmurry's Theatre, Louisville. I can testify that he is a very much mistaken man. My Opera House continues open and is drawing fairly well.

A few days ago I dropped in at the new theatre Vesta, and saw one of the best of the new rapidly the work of construction is being pushed ahead. The first work is all done and the roof is now on. I met

and talked with Morgan McWhirter, the architect in charge. He told me he would without any trouble finish the house by next 1. "When finished," he says, "we may say to the architect that it will be one of the best lines he has ever offered the Nashville public. As manager of the Maudie, Mr. Anglin always closed his door to managers or men desiring to present plays that were the property of some one else. He says he seems to adhere strictly to the idea in the management of the Vendome. Mr. Anglin says no picture will get into the Maudie. He is preserving The Maudie for reference and protection.

Grand Street Amusement Hall: Upon the urgent invitation of many leading citizens of the city, the venerable actor, James E. Murdoch, who for several weeks had been visiting in the State, the veteran gave a reading on Thursday night. The affair was highly interesting and attracted a large and very fashionable audience. Tuesday evening next he agreed to give another at the Grand. This is Mr. Murdoch's first visit to Nashville since the breaking out of the war. Then he was regarded as one of the greatest actors of the day, and he has never since been so well known. He tells me he is now seventy-six years old. What a hale, hearty and well preserved old gentleman he is, too. He is receiving a warm welcome at the hands of his friends and acquaintances. His interesting daughter accompanies him. They will return to their home in Cincinnati some time this week.

CHAATTANOOGA. New Opera House (Paul R. Albert, manager): The Handel Society (Gladys) gave The Doctor of All Nations May 21 to a large audience. The opera was well rendered. Mrs. Macdonald as last, deserves special mention, singing and playing the part of the Doctor to many professions. The parts of the Doctor, the Doctor's wife and the Doctor's daughter were well rendered, respectively, by F. S. Hyde, Ida Blair and Mrs. L. G. Walker. The chorus of fifty was excellent, but the instrumental music was weak. The show was the closing performance at this house prior to closing up and repainting.

East Lake Casino: This summer season opened 23, with a New York Co. for a season of twelve weeks. The show is a very good one, and the management is very good. The show is a very good one, and the management is very good. The show is a very good one, and the management is very good.

Strangers of Paris strangled in Knoxville Co. A benefit was given the Co. so as to enable them to go to the regular dramatic season will open with Little Eva, Sept. 16-17. The little lady may expect over a - - - - -

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DATES AHEAD.

Minutemen of travelling companies will have as by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

AMBER PRINCE: New York City April 25, six weeks. ARMY'S UNCLE TOM CO: Potosi, N. H., a. Charlotte-town 3. a. Summerville 4. a. Bedford 7. a. Amherst 8. a. Dorchester 9. a. Campbellton 11. a. Chatham 12. a. New York 13. a. New York 14. a. New York 15. a. New York 16. a. New York 17. a. New York 18. a. New York 19. a. New York 20. a. New York 21. a. New York 22. a. New York 23. a. New York 24. a. New York 25. a. New York 26. a. New York 27. a. New York 28. a. New York 29. a. New York 30. a. New York 31. a. New York 32. a. New York 33. a. New York 34. a. New York 35. a. New York 36. a. New York 37. a. New York 38. a. New York 39. a. New York 40. a. New York 41. a. New York 42. a. New York 43. a. New York 44. a. New York 45. a. New York 46. a. New York 47. a. New York 48. a. New York 49. a. New York 50. a. New York 51. a. New York 52. a. New York 53. a. New York 54. a. New York 55. a. New York 56. a. New York 57. a. New York 58. a. New York 59. a. New York 60. a. New York 61. a. 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Stage Stories. IN THE PROFESSION.

Varian and Barlow had been college mates. After graduating Varian had gone off to Europe for a prolonged tour and lounge about its capitals and Barlow had taken up the practice of the law. Both were confirmed bachelors, and the time of our writing finds them at the seashore swelling the butterfly crowd that are earnestly engaged in killing time.

Varian had been joking his companion about his legal lore.

"If you ever get into difficulty, my dear fellow, command me; my services are at your disposal," remarked the limb of the law.

Varian appeared to be highly amused at the proffer and returned: "Oh, no, my dear fellow, not much. Now, on honor, if you were a very sick man and in need of a physician, would you send for one of those young sawbones cronies of ours?"

"If I wanted to commit suicide," interjected the student of Blackstone.

"No more than if I had committed burglary, arson, forgery or murder would I put myself in the hands of George Barlow, attorney-at-law."

The ex-colleagues laughed heartily at the sally. Then Varian resumed: "After about ten years' hard work in the police courts and persistent study, I might let you undertake the collection of some of my back rent bills."

"To change the subject," spoke up the lawyer in embryo. "Did you lose your heart abroad?"

"Not if I am aware of it."

The two friends were silent for a while and their gaze was far away across the waters of blue. The attorney-to-be was the first to speak.

"Say, old fellow," said he, "pardon my impudence and inquisitiveness, but there was a story about you, just after your flight abroad, that you went away on account of an affair of the heart. From all present appearances that organ is sound, and so I have made bold to pump you a little. I hope there is no offense?"

"None in the least. I will tell you all about it. It is as good as a comedy."

"Ah, a comedy of the heart. By jove! let's have it."

"Well, partner, to begin with, you know in the first place I was blessed with an ample inheritance. I won't say more money than brains, because that would be an insult to my sheepskin."

"I came out of college callow, but a long way from being a fool. Having no special aim in life I found myself too lazy to be a lawyer, no taste for medicine and no inclination for the church."

"I have found out later that college graduates with no ideas at all attempt to be journalists. Well, I became a gentleman lounge, a man-about-town, and a perfectly harmless one I assure you. I didn't drink, because to drink makes one sick. I didn't gamble, because to gamble successfully one must exercise his mental faculties, and I was indisposed to the exertion."

"A lily-of-the-valley," interrupted the chum.

"Exactly," resumed the confessor. "Naturally I drifted into the theatre—the play idled away the time and tickled my senses. To be sure I evaded the solids of the stage. I patronized neither Shakespeare nor Goldsmith, and neither McCullough, Barrett nor Booth were my idols. Their representations required thought, and I was opposed to thinking."

"Froth was what pleased me best—the light, trashy, happy-go-lucky pot pourris of nonsense of the alleged modern dramatist."

"Now comes the 'affair of the heart' you have so delicately referred to. From a constant attendance at the theatres I came to know familiarly both the people in the 'front of the house' and those behind the curtain."

"Especially the fair ones," joked the young lawyer.

"Especially the fair ones," emphasized the relator. "She was the queen of them all, a pronounced blonde with a red and white complexion and eyes of heavenly blue."

"Teeth of pearl and rosebud lips," put in the lecturer.

"Indeed she was beautiful!" exclaimed the man of leisure. "I was smitten, and I was not the only one. Why, there were scores of them in her train suing for a smile, a glance or a word of encouragement."

I flattered myself that I was the most favored. Perhaps it was because I could devote more time.

"And money," added the lawyer.

"And money," repeated the caddy with a smile, "to the divinity of the footlights than the other butterfly of the club and the town."

Varian puffed lazily on his cigar for a while, and then the quizzing attorney continued the thread of the romance.

"I can tell that chapter of the romance as well as you—moonlight rides after the play, suppers at the roadside inns, flowers to the joy of the florist and the depletion of your pocket-book, presents of course, nothing less than diamonds from a man of your cloth and seal-skins when the season came."

Varian nodded assent to the truthfulness of the picture, and himself resumed the heart-history.

"Now comes the strangest, most inexplicable thing of all to me."

"You popped," said the lawyer, jumping at a conclusion.

Varian blushed and hesitated, then he stammered:

"Popped and was refused."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the attorney-at-law.

"Yes, was refused. Just think of it, me refused and by a burlesque actress at that."

The recollection seemed to exercise him much at this late date. After walking up and down in front of the Summer-house a half dozen times he asked:

"And what do you think she said when I upbraided her for her perfidy?"

"I do not know," answered the man of law demurely.

"Why, she said, 'You are a chump!'"

"And you were?"

"Perhaps."

"Dead sure!" asserted the apostle of Blackstone. Continuing, "And so on account of that chit of a thing you ran away to Europe?"

"I did, and what else was I to do? What did that vain girl do but tell all her chums that she had mitted me, and it was the talk of the clubs and the town."

"And as they say about the absconders under financial clouds, 'you remained abroad until the matter blew over.'"

Varian nodded and smiled and his companion went on.

"I only hope that I may be more successful in law than you have been in love. If my services in a legal way are of any advantage to you in the matter command me. Perhaps you might desire to bring suit for the recovery of the jewels you bestowed upon the fair deceiver?"

"No need of that; they are no longer in her possession."

"Explain?"

"Returned home. I was one afternoon strolling in the Bowery gazing in at the windows like a countryman and enjoying the panorama of sights in that busy mart. Stopping before a jeweler's window I saw displayed a sign 'Unredeemed Pawnbrokers' Pledges.' The collection was heterogeneous, and among other things I saw a set of jewels that I recognized."

"The diamonds of the lady of the footlights?"

"The same."

The two looked at the ships and the sea for a while. The lawyer was first to break the silence.

"And the lady—I am dying to know her fate?"

"Your life shall be spared," laughed Varian. "It was during this same East-side walk that I made another discovery. Attracted by the gaily-colored paintings in front of a dime museum, I paused with many others at the portals. As I stood there gazing, an exclamation of a fellow looker-on made me turn my head. 'There she comes!' he cried, and another hallooed, 'Look out for Jumbo!' Up the street came a woman, and such a woman! A mountain of flesh and as big as a hoghead. She wheezed and puffed and blowed and rolled like a steam tug in a heavy sea."

"The fat woman," spoke up the lawyer.

"Yes, the fat woman. I stepped aside with others to give her room, and I assure you she needed a good deal of it. The recognition was mutual. As I am a sinner it was the idol of my heart."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed the attorney, jumping to his feet.

"My dear Mr. Varian," she said, squeezing both my hands in her great, greasy paws, 'I am delighted to see you.' I couldn't return the compliment, but the crack in my heart—if it ever was broken—healed then and there. As she waddled away she turned and remarked with an attempt at airy gayety:

"You see, Mr. Varian, I am still in the profession."

C. H. D.

En Tour.

A stranger oft, of shabby mien,
In Spring on country roads is seen;
His footstep of uneven measure,
Proclaim he does not walk for pleasure;
But, like the few, or Dickens' "Joe,"
Is forced to ever onward go;
Or else he nibbles at some wood,
In workshop of that neighborhood;
To which, by chance, his footsteps came,
With speed to seek the road again;
Where in a ditch, somewhat elated,
He eats the loaf hypocritically
From any cottage in the village
That showed the slightest chance of pillage.
His shabby coat is very queer,
All stained in front from stripes of beer,
And what you see of dirty linen
Must have been since Earth's beginning.
His baggy pants no brushing know,
Upon their edges who kers grow;
Which, like his cheeks, require shaving,
That none the worse would be for having.
His dirty hands, of knotty type,
(A terror for the "kutter snipe"),
Are both unmitigated and unglowed,
In empty pockets deeply shoved,
His pallid cheek is lank and wan,
(Worn thus from being traveled on);
From which, relieved from Death's repose,
Stands forth his fair, lurid nose,
While close beneath strong zephyrs hint
The pigments used to get the tint,
Upon his head an awful hat
That shows the signs of many a bat.
In fact he is a shabby cuss,
Of genus *homo*, tramp, or wuss.

CHARLES KEAT.

An Incident of Stratford-on-Avon.

Printers' ink has finally outdone itself. Fence-coverers and puff-blowers may retire into the shade and rest from their labors. Their vanquisher is the advance agent who issues a circular we find attached to a copy, that has, with other exchanges from all parts of the world, reached this office, of a paper an imperial and eight-page folio, bearing 1309 as its symbolic number, and entitled *Stratford-upon-Avon and South Warwickshire Advertiser*.

It is a formidable sheet that thus issues, as it were, from the cradle of the great dramatist and develops in its business announcements all the phases of active modern life, character and incident of the Nineteenth century. Mr. J. Crofts announces wedding and keeper rings,

Wackvill and Sons report themselves as bedding warehousemen, stocked no doubt with best beds such as Shakespeare would to his favorite daughter. Fred Winter has Spring Novelties, and at Market Cross Doring and Park must hold a clearance sale of their entire drapery stock.

As a matter of course we naturally look through the columns of this journal, with its immortal topical title, to see what attention is bestowed in that dramatic bailiwick upon theatrical amusements. In the critical department we find all we could desire, in an editorial pronouncement, which shows that while the conductor of a New York daily is preparing to send up a huge balloon from St. Louis, his enterprising Stratford-on-Avon contemporary can do a little in the same line on a strict parallel.

Naming Mr. Alfred Welcker as occupant of the parachute, the Stratford paragraphist remarks that "this gentleman read his drama, *Louis XVI*, in the Town Hall, Stratford-on-Avon on Saturday evening last. The Mayor (Sir Arthur Hodgson, K. C. M. G.), presided, and among those present were Mr. C. E. Flower, by whose munificence the Shakespeare Memorial was erected, the head master of the Grammar School, Mrs. Laffan (Mrs. Leith Adams, the novelist), and other Shakespearean scholars. The drama consists of five acts, four of which bear unmistakable evidence of being skilfully constructed, and contain considerable dramatic art. Some of the characters are drawn with great power and effect, and many of the passages contain very fine poetry and genuine feeling. *Louis XVI* is a picturesque drama, and Mr. Welcker certainly possesses talent of no ordinary kind."

This we take to be a very fair blast of the Anglo-Saxon trumpet, but in counter-point we offer from a circular pinned to the Stratford paper specimens of what the (alleged) American press has had to say of Alfred Welcker, put forth as a California writer (never before heard of in this part of the world), charged to the *Kansas Times*: "He thinks in Shakespearean style." *City and Country* (Columbus, O.): "He must have been a close student of the Bard of Avon, or else nature must have duplicated one of his sublime creations." *Washington Public Opinion*: "The dramas remind us very much of Shakespeare. There is real merit in them; so much so that they incline us to believe in the transmigration of souls." A clear case no doubt of subtle metempsychosis.

While John L. Sullivan limits his powers to the knocking out of the bodies of all men, Welcker, on a higher plane, employs all his colossalism in putting to the wall the greatest soul that can show itself in the dramatic arena.

This is as it should be—the California champion beards the Saxon Lion in his den and defeats him in his very stronghold.

That Mr. Welcker is incited and sustained in this terrific tussle we take note that he has "besides" endorsements from P. H. Sheridan, the General commanding the army of the United States, Generals Howard, Macfeely and Augur, also of the United States army; furthered by such scientists as John and Joseph Le Conte, the Educational Superintendent of Nevada, and finally by the Governor of California, and most appropriately as a climax the President of the Lick Astronomical Observatory "sees him" and goes one, as it is his business to notify the world of the arrival within the perihelion of stars and other luminous or nebulous bodies.

As of those who are heartily interested in the welfare of the American drama we ask, Where is Bouc cauld?

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Rich Hill, Mo. 6,000 500 T. D. Sanderson

W. P. PATTERSON, President, Fort Scott, Kas.

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on Tuesday, June 7, at 8 o'clock P. M., when the annual election of officers will take place, and the report of the past year's work will be submitted. Note that members whose dues are paid to date will be entitled to vote. All members of the dramatic and musical professions are respectfully invited to attend.

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ADELINE STANHOPE

IN

GWYNNE'S OATH.

By NELSON WHEATCROFT.

Philadelphia Press upon its First Production:

Walnut Street Theatre.—There was an unusually large audience at the Walnut Street Theatre last evening, the occasion of the original production of Nelson Wheatcroft's four-act play, entitled Gwynne's Oath. The story is of strong dramatic and novel interest, and with the characters portrayed by such a capable company of actors and actresses as assembled the author last evening, and the elegant new scenery painted expressly for the initial production, there can be no doubt but that Gwynne's Oath scored a decided success. As Gwynne's Oath is a play of high order, and her rendition of the more difficult emotional passages elicited prolonged plaudits from her critical audience.—Ledger, May 24.

Gwynne's Oath is the work of Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, an actor whose sterling qualities have been displayed on many leading stages of the country, and whose knowledge of stage management and dramatic methods is thorough as well as comprehensive. The devices of situation by which the motive of Mr. Wheatcroft's play is developed through four acts are ingenious and interesting, and if the view of a temper of his characters and the scope of his play be accepted, the work may fairly be ranked with the higher class of society melodramas. Miss Stanhope's role of Gwynne is a difficult part to play—a young woman whose soul is torn by elements of conflicting passion, and whose life is an embodiment of vengeance. Miss Stanhope managed her scenes admirably, her acting in the sleep-walking episode and in the last act being exceedingly effective.—The Record, May 24.

Philadelphia has always highly regarded the skill and talent of Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft as an actor. Last night he won their plaudits as a dramatic author. His new play, Gwynne's Oath, was, at the Walnut Street Theatre, given its first representation upon the stage. Dispel the nervousness of the actor-author and his support, the play scored a success. It may be called a society drama, with a melodramatic tinge, and is one of the best compositions of the kind that have been presented in this city for many a long day. It is not a great work; but it is an interesting piece of effective story-telling and ingenious dramatic construction. The author has succeeded in involving his material in two strong situations that are terrible enough to assure the permanent success of his effort in playwriting. These situations are brought to the culminative point by a dexterously-wrought series of steps, that show the hand of a man familiar with the dramatic possibilities of stage illustration. Mr. Wheatcroft is to be praised for one welcome feature—his play is perfectly clean, pure and wholesome throughout, and that is a merit in these days of Frenchy society dramas.—The Press.

There was produced at the Walnut last evening for the first time upon any stage, Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft's drama, Gwynne's Oath. The audience was very large, and conferred more than moderate approval upon a play which is somewhat interesting and at intervals, surprising. It is well because the movement is swift and the climaxes are sharp and forcible. It lags nowhere after the curtain goes down in the first act, and the opinion is reasonable that after it has received such strengthening as public tests point as available in all modern dramas, it will be a valuable attraction during the coming season.—The Press.

The unemployed actors and theatrical people in town were at the Walnut last night, where Nelson Wheatcroft produced his new play, Gwynne's Oath, and they all stayed to the end, which is an unusual compliment. It is a play of serious purpose, with a dramatic subject expressed by genuine theatrical means. The play comes very much nearer to a real drama than 7 great many recent efforts that have been called successful. It is very well acted. Mr. Wheatcroft makes his own part so interesting that its imperfect development is the more to be regretted, and Miss Stanhope plays the exacting part of Gwynne with the skill, refinement and good taste of an experienced actress.—The Times.

GWYNNE'S OATH A SUCCESS.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

115 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., May 23, 1887.

[By telegraph to New York Herald.]

A new dramatic work, entitled Gwynne's Oath, by Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, was "launched" at the Walnut Street Theatre this evening, and it may be said successfully. The whole fabric is cleverly woven together on strong old lines, and therefore could hardly fail to please. Much of the success was due to Miss Adeline Stanhope's efforts.

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A. M. PALMER, President.

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